Eddy's not coming Thank God.

Monks House, Aug 21
Thursday. 1931

Yah ya – very natty & Monty the
looks to be sure – just your style
Nessie is the very abomination –
But to whom Seriously, God knows
you're right, & I shant come, &
you'll find another, & forget me,
& make gang when we meet, &
I shall be driven to the rough
Coast of the Wreckers: Anyhow,
you must, as they say,
make your plans without
Considering me. I
Dont think there's the ghost
of a chance of my coming.
(I've reconnoitred, & so it seems
but no doubt I'd affect my own inclination)

NYPL

But — I want answers:

(1) have you seen the osteopath?

(2) what did he say?

(3) are you smoking?

(4) how's your jumping heart?

NYPL

Finally. please put up in a penny envelope & send Harold's pamphlet. & I'm always very cross-examined but to the last. And it's a fair & a hurricane — the trees are being torn up by their roots — & we're off to Charleston to drink champagne. No doubt this is my last letter. Sibyl Colefax thinks coming: shall I see you? before you close?

HAMILL & BARKER 2/6/62

LEWES
SUSSEX
6. — PM
30 AUG 31

Mrs H Nicolson
Sissinghurst Castle
Kent

Monks Stone
Sunday. Aug 30. 1931

Ooch, you did watch, what a skinflint you are
with your letter. Here's your Virginia in bed,
Potto too. The headache won't let me eat them.
So I am taking a weak tea (cause that's tea-
Clutches
stuff of lethargy) this next week - what about the
week after? — I should think the 5th September week?
Couldn't we meet one day about the middle?
We might come to Sat — two many EASDALES. Let me
know — and do be stingy with your words — take
example by Hugh — I feel like a tea cup —
I mean I feel very small, broken, lying
under a tap — a tap that never stops — a luke warm
tap, a tap that one can't hold in, stop, take
count of — And you sit under it too, I rubber!
what we have tea cups are to keep in Hugh, except that

Love me.
V.

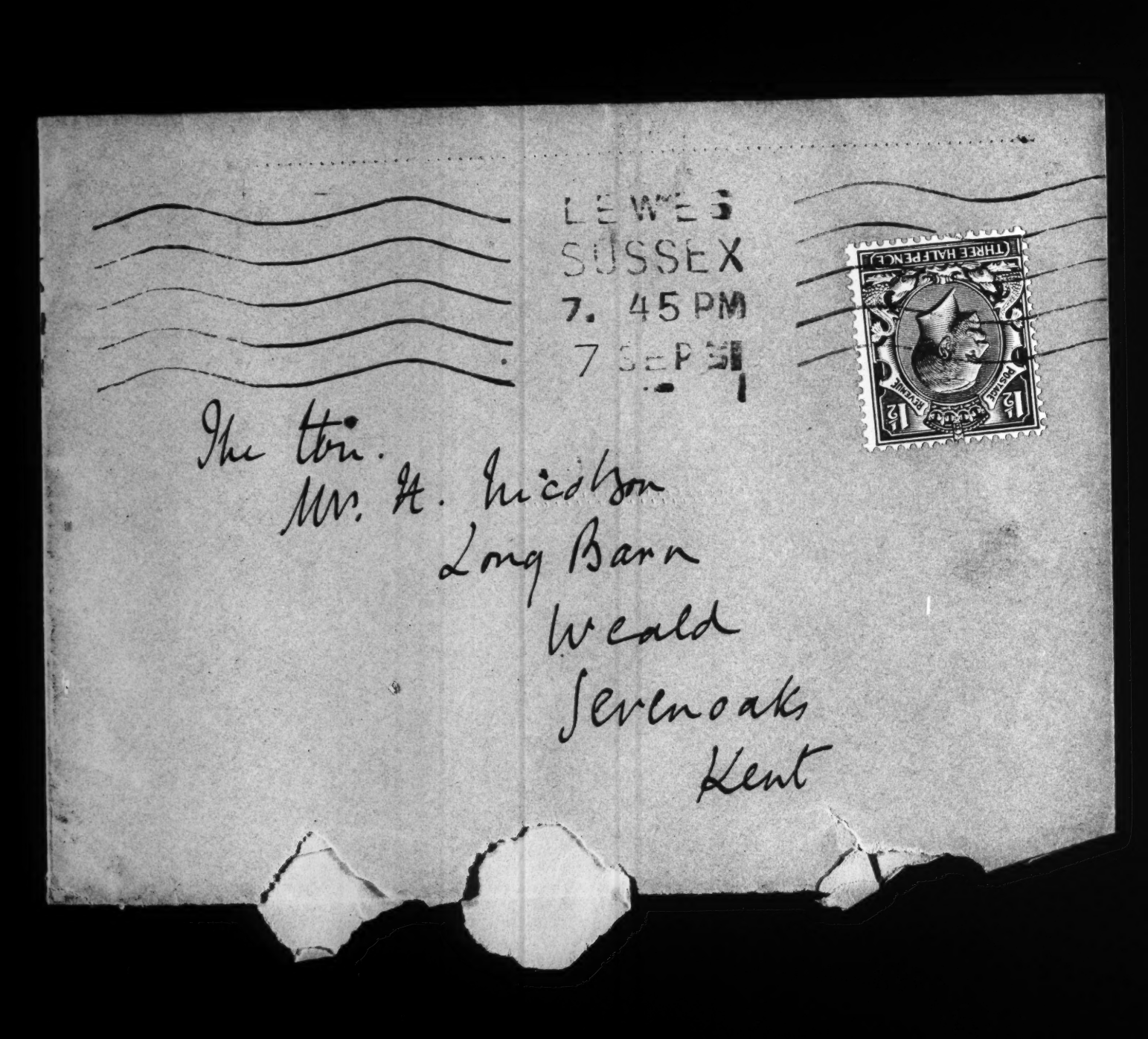
wait a long long
letter, because I'm
in bed: & it's
like a story of
Harold's latest
love LEND it me
I can't
understand
the name.
Talks
I mean:
And the
Pamphlet.
And —
with, just
say, in so
many
thousand
words,
why I'm
sorry me.
V.

Monks Horton
Sunday. Aug 30. 1931

Look, you old wretch, what a shame just you are in your letter. Here I sit propped up in bed, & Potter too. The headache won't let me out of them. So I am taking a week in bed. Then I shall be in what health. But I've promised to keep in a state of lethargy the next week - what about the week after? — I should think the 5th September week. Could we meet one day about the middle? We might come to [illegible] to — too many EASDALES. Let me know — I don't be so stingy with your words — take example by Hugh — I feel like a tea cup — I mean I feel very small, broken, lying under a tap — a tap that never stops — a luke warm tap, a tap that one can't hold in, stop, take count of — And you sit under it too, I suppose: & that what we how tea cups are to busy in Hugh, & act that

he'd better send for the Ice plumber, I dont know.
what books are there, not by Hugh? I feel as if
the whole of English literature were submerged by Hugh.
Ah is wet, drifting; not a frog can find as much as a dry
leaf to sit on.

Eddy is coming — oh yes — of course he'll pay
half the fare. Kessler the other. How like him!
Meredith, I've just had the visitor for the time being;
but had a stormy visit — from Ethel; storms of
nature & grumblings from Ethel. She rasped me to
the top of the dome in a hurricane, talking about God
& the WRECKERS. Which is which? I dont know. The
truth is, beneath desire, fine mouldy, is not a good
smell; venerable Hugh the vessel of lust may be. I
detest her — yes — I've said that before: but dont like the
smell good best. So fine found some one sweet —
pure to disturb under the Pleiades by the Bay of
Biscay is it? But you'll never find anyone you like as
much as me: because I'm so clever, so good, so pure — so
extremely interesting. There! I'm now sorry to shut my
eyes & think about my being so intact interesting.
I says Kessler's misprint with increase the value of the books.
I is you de high praise of Ch Sussmt (the poem) in the
Manchr Guardian? with Harold he had Ch? Is the
New Party — no, I want
so on. Place



The Hon.
Mrs. H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Monks House,
Monday. Sept 7.
1931

Could we come to lunch at Long Barn on Tuesday 15th about one? — & so on to Faredales afterwards?
(how you must hate this phrase — Could we come —)
We feel that we ought to advise Dotty & suggest that she should come too.
I've had a divine week of doing nothing & seeing no one, & am now dazzling Lady Clifford. Headaches cured I think.
Dont let Ethel drag you to the top of the Tower; & be discreet — if as I think you are lunching with her.
No: Harold never sent his pamphlet.
John is here, very nice, pink, fresh, enthusiastic; I must take him

If you have the Ellen Terry Shaw letters would you LEND them to me?

---

to the river.

I should very much like to see
you, alone, before you go off —
where, with whom?
Lord, shall I ever see you again
when you've been off?

And what about the
winter? NYPL
Don't let Ethel break your back
again, with telling you the story
of the wrecken, from the
beginning. as you climb the tower.

Let me know about
Tuesday lunch.

It's outrageously hot today

V.

Monks House

yes much against my will, & insisted upon
sending an advance copy to the Book Society.
But what did Hugh say? Damned it
utterly I suppose from your silence on this
head. Please tell me. You know how I mind
even the worthless cat now, vain as I am. But
I'm not as vain as Ethel, by God.
We shall meet on Tuesday for a
few flurried moments.
And did Hugh think it hopeless?
(Potter asks this)

V.

SUSSEX
7. 45 PM
10 SEP

The Hon
Mrs H. Nicolson
2 Half Moon
Street
Piccadilly
London
W1

Lissenghurst Castle
Cranbrook

SEVENOAKS KENT
315PM
11 SP
31
2

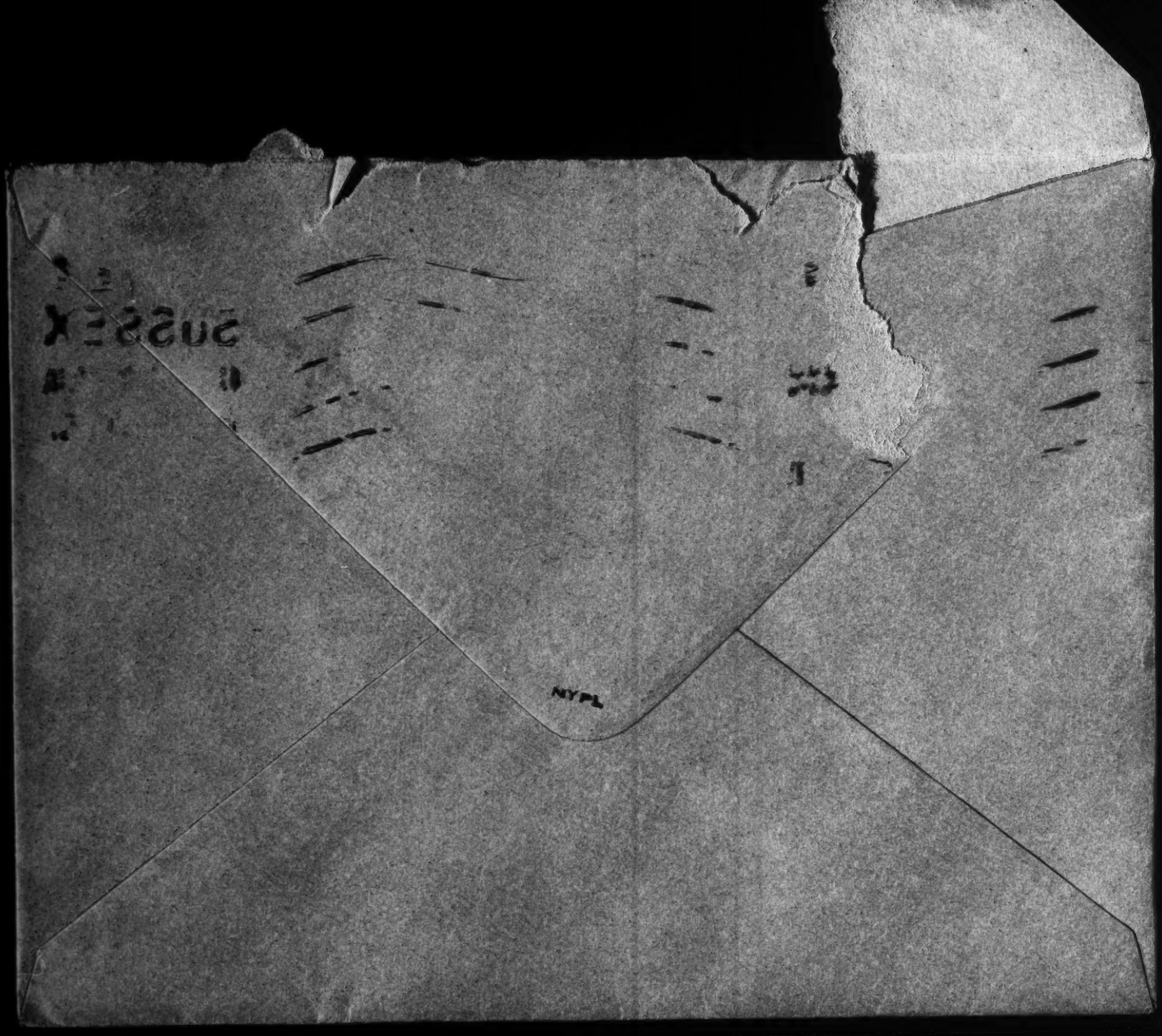
LEWES
SUSSEX
11. 15AM
15 SEP 31

15 SEP 31

The Hon.
Mrs. H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

Tuesday

Darling Sod Vita, how fearfully depressed I was
getting your wire. I think ju'd have been
touched. Was it sinus that gave ju a throat?
I rather suspect the damp there — the sweat of
ages in those bricks. I say, cd. ju possibly let me
know instantly on a card how ju are?
And how are we ever to meet now?
I ## don't know when the Waves will come out.
If there's a general Election L. says it must be
put off till November — otherwise October I
suppose. But ju know I honestly think it
a complete failure — only a very interesting (to me)
Experiment. And why one should spend
18 months writing what won't interest any one,
God knows. I'm astonished at the oddity of one's
own psychology as a writer.
I'm greatly relieved that ju don't J. Paris
damned. I found it so bad, so hatefully
& completely bad, that I had persuaded
myself that it was in fact a work of
genius: I pray now blind of both eyes to


NYPL

to all the true merits of fiction. how ~~though~~ however
that ye, whose eye are wide & bright, agree,
I feel ever more some return of confidence — I
mean that it is absolutely bad. Not that that
~~occasion~~ ~~the~~ makes it any ye easier to write to him —
as I must, O Lord; for he knows I've read it.

Now, as ye see I am scribbling, all
trembling with hurry, because that accursed
Car is at the door, & we must be off to the
Faredales — But I've had ten fifties — dreamt
that make one miserable! Not that ye'd write
to see me Please to does
Please say what you temp- i
how ye are.

Please Vita do the. I'm a
devil for imposing

V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62